YOUR **WOWO** FRIENDS

Nancy Lee and the HILLTOPPERS

FAMILY ALBUM and SCRAPBOOK

NANCY LEE and THE HILLTOPPERS

Radio Station WOWO

Fort Wayne, Indiana

Dear Friend,

Here is your Nancy Lee and the Hilltoppers Family Album and Scrapbook.

We have compiled this book because so many of you requested it. And since you are "just folks" like us, we hope you'll enjoy the "home-made" way in which we put it together.

We feel that you too are a part of our family. Receiving a letter from you is like getting mail from home.

There are many precious memories attached to these pictures in our family album. We are humbly proud and extremely happy to share with you the pleasant moments in our lives that are expressed on these pages.

Gratefully yours,

Sam DeVincent

For Nancy Lee and The Hilltoppers

Nancy, Sam,

Jack and Roy,

singing and

playing the songs

you enjoy

Nancy Lee and the Hilltoppers have been featured on WOWO and the NBC Network since July, 1945. Their comedy skits and songs are designed to entertain every member of the family. Vocal arrangements include solo, duet, trio, and quartette selections.

The musical library of the Hilltoppers numbers over 100,000 diversified songs. These selections have been collected by Sam DeVincent for over 20 years. Comedy skits and humorous material are a hobby with bass fiddler Roy Hansen. His large and varied collection is a valuable asset to the Hilltoppers' group.

The variety in music and friendly personalities has won the Hilltoppers many radio friends in the Tri-State Area and across the nation. Nancy Lee and the Hilltoppers have been featured on all the radio networks and have made several television movies.

"The Hilltoppers" were the first group to appear at the famous Buck Lake Ranch in Angola, Indiana, and have made guest appearances there nearly every summer since 1947.

The Hilltoppers also feature the "Ax-olin". This is the only instrument of its kind in the world, invented by Roy Hansen, bass player with the group. Roy also portrays the characters of "Little Aloysius" and "Axel Axelsen".

Nancy Lee and the Hilltoppers have recorded for Vogue, Vita-Coustic, Universal, and London Recording Companies. They made the original recording of the international hit, "I Never See Maggie Alone".

Personnel of the group are:

NANCY LEE (THE BUBBLE GUM QUEEN) guitar, comedienne, vocalist.

ROY (CORNTIME) HANSEN, bass fiddle, comedy, mandolin, novelty songs.

JACK CARMEN, violin, electric mandolin, banjo, vocalist.

SAM (THE ACCORDION MAN) DE VINCENT, arranger, manager.

During this past year the group traveled 11,000 miles throughout the midwest entertaining over 200,000 happy people.

HILLTOPPERS HEARD REGULARLY OVER STATION WOWO

Monday thru Saturday (on "Little Red Barn") 5:30-7:00 A.M.

Monday thru Saturday ("Hilltop Melodies") 7:30-8:00 A.M.

- *The more a man knows the less he knows he knows.*
- *Common sense is genius dressed in working clothes.*
- *A smile will go a long way . . . but someone has to send it on its journey.*
- *People will believe anything you tell them if you will whisper it.*

Nancy Lee DeVincent

Nancy Lee "weren't born with that name at all". They called her Agnes Rose Gross out in Blue Island, Illinois, where she was born on April 10.

She was always "partial to songs that told a story" and because she was able to memorize "O Bury Me Not On The Lone Prairie" in one hour (all nine verses too!), she was allowed to join her two sisters to form a vocal trio to sing at a Halloween Party at school one October 31st.

From there they moved on to perform at ice cream socials, barn dances and weddings. And when Nancy was thirteen, she and her sisters found themselves before a WCFL microphone in Chicago. Hard work, self-confidence and encouragement from many of the leading western stars of the times helped her land a guest spot on the WLS Barn Dance on her sixteenth birthday.

Then came tours with barn dance units throughout the Midwest. Periodically she would return to Chicago, but in a weak moment in Shenandoah, Iowa, she met Sam, fell in love and married him in 1941.

Between radio shows, rehearsals and personal appearances, Nancy Lee spends her time at home "growing up with the kids". The kids being Diane who is twelve and Larry who is two.

The best gifts are aways tied with heart strings.

One way for a man to keep his head above water is to keep out of expensive dives.

Sam DeVincent

Sam was born in Chicago on January 8, 1918. The neighbors took one look at him and the DeVincent family promptly moved out to Rockford, Illinois. There he grew up with his two brothers and sister.

Before even thinking of music, Sam had dreams of becoming a cartoonist, and when he was 12 years old, Sam won a scholarship to the famous Art Institute in Chicago.

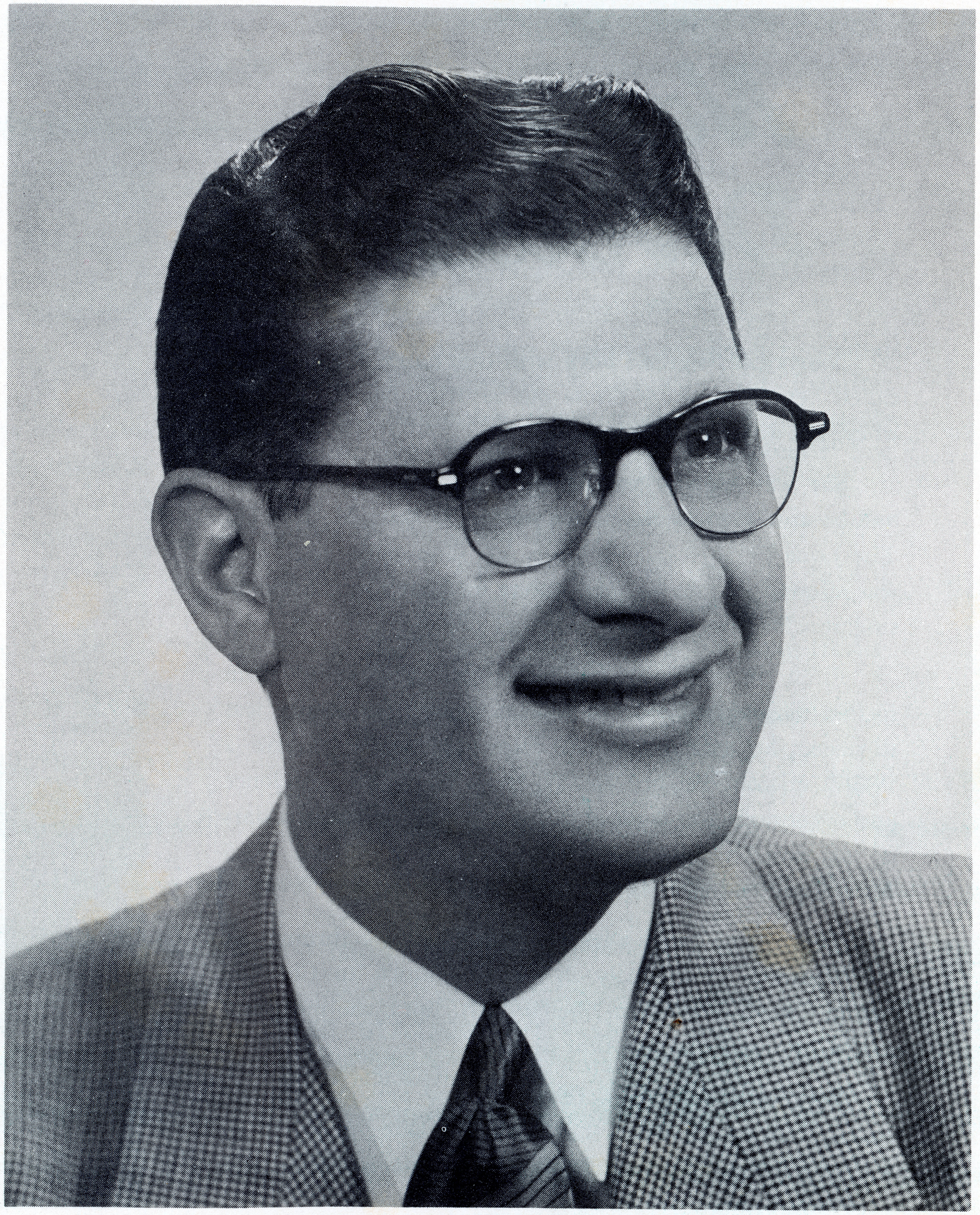
But Sam decided on a music career instead. His first "professional appearance in Chicago was at the piano in the James Otis Grammar School where young Sam thumped out "Under the Double Eagle" as the pupils marched out to recess.

As a grade-school student Sam began to collect music. His collection now numbers over 100,000 selections. Back in Chicago when he was of high school age a fellow student by the name of Jack Carmen persuaded Sam and two other neighborhood pals to form an orchestra. Their first job paid one dollar for the four of them. (Their carefare to the job was half the sum alone.)

After a booking agent landed them a radio job in South Dakota their popularity grew throughout the Mid-west. In Iowa he met Agnes Rose Gross (Nancy Lee) who was appearing on the same radio station.

Shortly after their marriage, Nancy Lee followed Sam to Texas when he entered the Army. After the war Sam joined "The Oregon Rangers" and the group joined the staff of WOWO in 1945. Later this group reorganized and became "Nancy Lee and the Hilltoppers".

Marriage seldom makes a fool out of a man, but it has made many a man out of a fool.



Instead of learning the tricks of the trade, why not learn the trade?

Roy Hansen

No single member of the Hilltoppers gets a bigger bang out of living than Roy. He, too, is a native of Chicago and he began enjoying the admiration of crowds as he played the harmonica for community singing at Boy Scout summer outings. His brother and sister also showed early musical talents.

Later he sold vanilla extract door-to-door (40 bottles) to earn a premium of a guitar. Then his family moved to Pennsylvania where Roy worked by day and led his string band at local dances by night.

Radio shows of the era told Roy that the center of country and western music was his home town of Chicago; so he took a job helping to build the Lewisburg, Pennsylvania prison in order to earn money for his transportation back west.

Roy met Lehla, while in Pennsylvania, married her, and later on brought her with him back to the midwest. To the many radio listeners she became known as 'the Weaver'. In 1953 after a long illness, she passed away.

He was signed by WLS and played in many barn dance shows, at camp shows and on bond drives. Here he met Sam DeVincent and joined with Sam to form a group of their own.

Roy is an avid collector of humor. And from his vast collection comes the material for the skits by "Aloysius" and Axel Axelsen" who are featured on the 7:30 A.M. show on WOWO.

He has two charming daughters, Ruth and Eunice. Roy married Marceille Pribbernow last year in July.

When all is said and done more is said than done.

A cold is both affirmative and negative . . . sometimes the eyes have it and sometimes the nose.

Jack Carmen

Jack was born and raised with music "all around him". In their apartment in back of his dad's tailor shop in Chicago all the members of the family picked up their instruments at the end of each day to play the old polkas, mazurkas and waltzes, many of which Jack still plays on the Hilltoppers' shows.

The day he entered high school he was determined to be a pharmacist. But he entered sports competitions and also joined the school orchestra. And it wasn't until they made him concert-master of the school orchestra that he decided to abandon the other interests and concentrate on music.

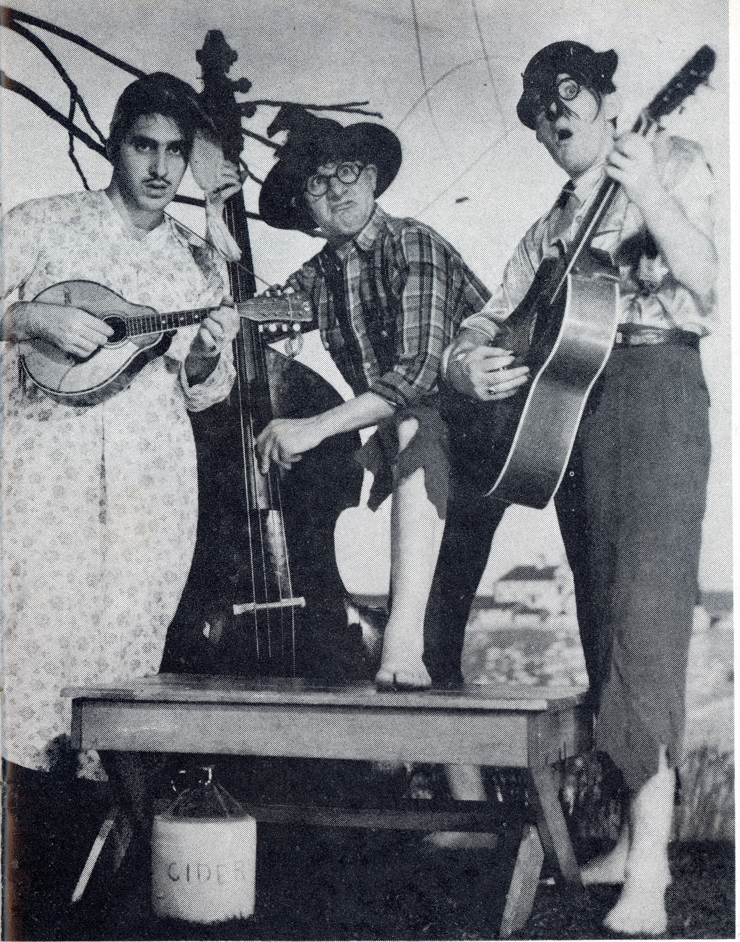
Out of high school, Jack accepted a bid to join an outfit known as the "Santa Fe Trailers" for a tour down south. Upon returning home after their third trip, he received a letter from Uncle Sam. He was assigned to the Medical Corps but was able to keep up with his music by entertaining at service clubs.

After 4½ years of service (much of this in Germany) Jack returned to Chicago and then went on to Fort Wayne to join "The Hilltoppers". Here he met and married Billie Jean Hoffman. The Carmen's have two youngsters—Carmen Leonard who is seven, and Rebecca Jo who is two.

The best way to better your lot is to do a lot better.

Our doubts are traitors and make us lose the good we oft might win by fearing to attempt. (Shakespeare).

Meetin' Friends



"The Tennessee Corn Fritters" Jack, Sam and Kenny Roberts 1948.

The "Hoosier Hop" Gang at the "Indiana State Fair".

Nancy Lee and Jimmy Wakely Buck Lake Ranch, Angola, Indiana, 1949

With Eddie Peabody "The Banjo King" and Gene Colon, 1950.

With Minnie Pearl and George Troxel, 1948.

ON THE AIR

THE LITTLE *Red* BARN GANG

What the world needs today is a better mouth trap.

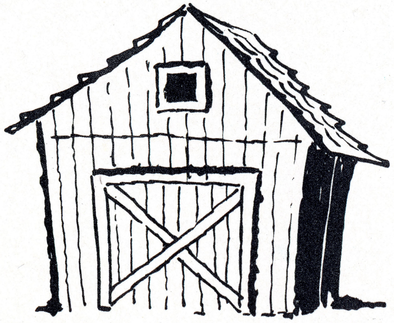
A young theologian named Fiddle
Refused to accept his degree
For, said he, it's enough to be Fiddle
Without being Fiddle DD

Mother (to little boy saying his prayers): "Son, speak a little louder, I can't hear you". Son: (politely) "I wasn't talking to you".

It's foolish to tell your troubles to others, most of them don't care and the rest are glad of it.

"TV isn't replacing radio half as fast as it is housework".

That's Sam with the accordian; Bob Sievers leaning on the pitch fork; Jack Carmen with his fiddle and Cal Stewart holding the "mike". The smiling gal is Nancy Lee and that's the Fat Lady (Mrs. Gould) sitting there behind Pepper. Jay's holding the fifteenth bucket he got Old Spot to fill right after we took this picture. Roy Hansen is the happy "Scandahoovian" with the mandolin on his lap.



THE LITTLE *Red* BARN GANG

He wasn't for sticking his neck out
He never went out on a limb
So the town never heard an encouragin' word
Of his work, of his rep, or of him.

It's hard to tell, these days, whether you're walking behind a man who needs a haircut or a woman who just got one.

Trouble with some of today's smart children is that they don't smart in the right place.

Give a boy a horn and he won't blow a safe.

A Chrysanthemum by any other name would be easier to spell.

In this one we're trying to work out a new arrangement on a march. It must have been coming along pretty well because even Sam looks satisfied.

You're young only once. After that you've got to be pretty smart to think up a good line of excuses for the foolish things you do.

It takes hundreds of nuts to hold a car together, but it takes only one to scatter it all over the highway.

The happiest people are those who are less for getting and more forgiving.

Jack and Roy make pretty music on those two "potato bugs". When these two fellers arrange a mandolin duet, you can bet it will be an old-fashioned waltz or a familiar heart ballad.

Here's Nancy Lee with some of her seventeen-year-old chickens. That dress was made for Nancy Lee by Sam's mother on Nancy's birthday last year.

Speak well of your enemies, remember you made them.

A man's attitude toward life often determines his altitude.

When life hands you a lemon, make lemonade.

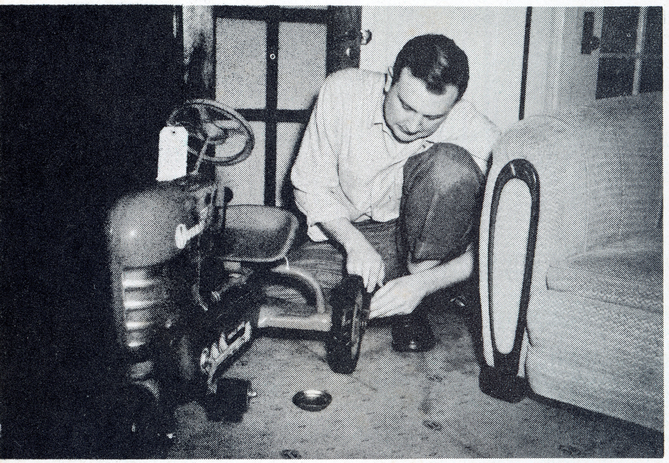
Some people do odd things to get even.

Did you hear about the man who built himself a seventy room house with no bath because he wanted to be filthy rich?

Let him brag who will, and who can without lying.

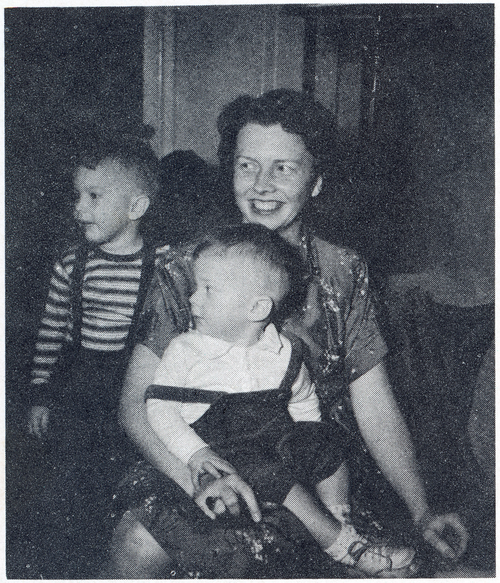
BARN GROUP

FOLKS WE WORK WITH



BOB SIEVERS FAMILY

Carolyn, Harriet, Cynthia, Fatso.



CAL STEWART FAMILY

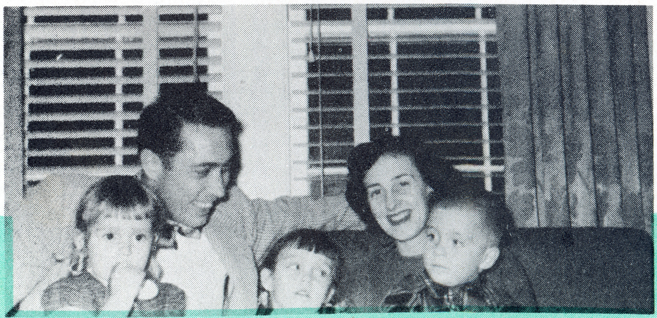
Mark, Paul and Julia.

Left: Cal at work.

Cal Stewart and the Hilltoppers wishing Jay Gould "Bon Voyage" along with Diane, Bobby Gould, Med Maxwell, and the "Fat Lady".

RAY JAMES FAMILY

Barbara, Ray, Margaret,
Lois, David.



It's rarely wise to argue with a fool; the bystanders might not know which is which.

Too many people reach for the bench when there's a piano to be moved.

It's nice to be important, but it's much more important to be nice.

Nancy Lee's Favorite Readings

GAVE UP

When shall the Christian give up? Not until in God's time he gives up his spirit into God's gracious care and keeping.

Jesus never gave up to frustration that comes from a sense of failure, disappointment, and defeat. After three years of ministry, He had won but eleven faithful followers, a few women, and some unknown disciples.

Jesus never gave up to discouragement that comes from a lack of making anticipated progress. How slowly the disciples were to "catch on"!

Jesus never gave up even though He was misunderstood, misquoted, and misinterpreted. But few in His generation appreciated Him! He was reported to be a Sabbath-breaker, a winebibber, a blasphemer. But He never gave up!

When did Jesus give up? Only when He had *finished* the work God had given Him to do, only when in final pain and anguish He completed *all* things, only then "He bowed His head and gave up His Spirit.

READ: JOHN 19: 28-30.

LEARNING TO HANDLE SUFFERING

Think of words that describe the virtues we esteem in man—faith, fortitude, sympathy, patience, compassion, understanding. These have come out of great tribulation and bear the scars of battle.

Look at the saints of history. Who would deny that pains that produce such virtues are well worth-while? They are "growing pains". But be sure of this: suffering of itself does not produce spiritual growth. The outcome of hardship may be cynicism and bitterness. All depends upon how we handle suffering.

It is not intended by God to make us bitter, but *better.*

We say that Christ was made "perfect through suffering". Actually, He was made perfect through the wise handling of suffering. He overcame, not in His own strength, but in the strength He drew from God. By the grace of God He had everything to work together for good. He did more than bear trouble . . . He used it to create splendor of life.

READ: MATTHEW 16: 21-25.

WHAT THE SUNRISE SHOULD SAY

Imagine Jesus watching the sunrise, perhaps from the hills of Nazareth or from the Mount of Olives. The morning dawns . . . then the sun lights up the fields and orchards.

Some of the owners are good men; some are evil. Yet the same sun shines on them all alike. And when clouds gather and the rain falls, *all* the fields and orchards are watered alike.

The sunrise speaks to Jesus of the universal love of God, who makes provisions for all alike. And if we are like God, prejudice will have no place in our lives.

Think of the many resources of nature that God provides for all without discrimination—sunshine and rain, fertile fields and seeds, the treasures of earth.

Nature's universal gifts call us away from selfishness and prejudice and hatred.

READ: MATTHEW 5th CHAPTER.

INVITED

Jesus also was invited. He became the Life of the party. He saved the day.

When we plan a social event, what will we do with Jesus? Will we close our invitation list to Him, presuming that His presence will spoil the party if He does not approve all we plan to do and to serve? Or, will we seek to satisfy our conscience by giving Him a half-hearted invitation, thinking, well, He won't do any harm; in fact, He will add prestige to the party.

For we say: "After all I don't want my party to be a failure. I want everyone to remember it."

Jesus should be the *first* to be invited. His name should *head* the list, for His presence hallows our conversation, cleanses all entertainment, and blesses all our food. He is the "Life" of the party. Thinking of the best social hours we have experienced, do we not joyously confess they were the best because "Jesus also was invited?"

READ: JOHN 2: 1-11.

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Personal Appearances

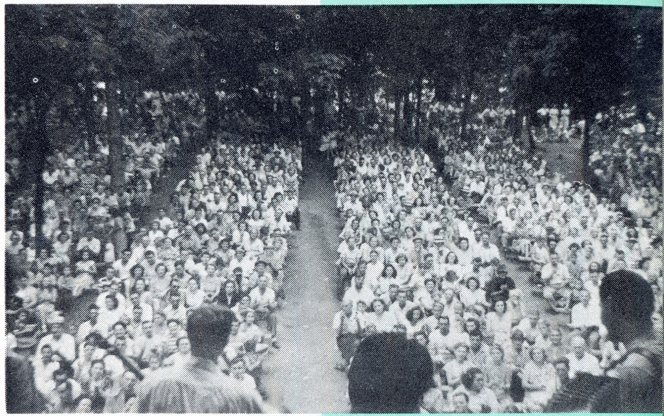
MEETIN' THE FOLKS

AWAY WE GO!

Wabash, Indiana 1955.

Left
West Unity, Ohio
June 26, 1948.

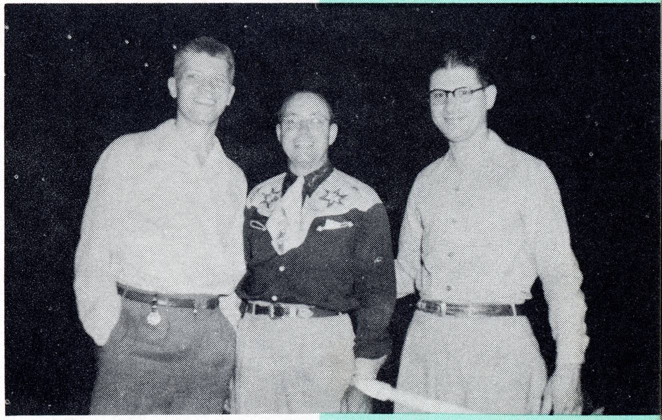
Hilltop Pavilion,
Rome City,
Indiana
Late Summer
1953.
(A Windy Day)



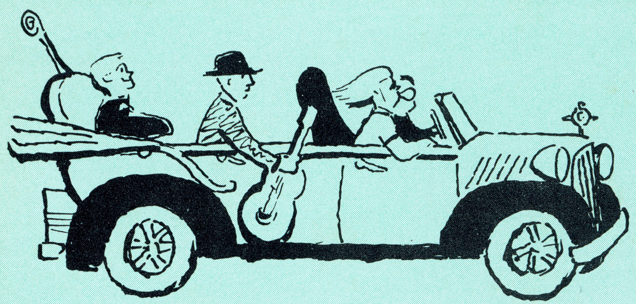
Buck Lake Ranch, July, 1947.

Nancy Lee coming on stage at the Ranch.

With Indiana
Farm Bureau
Co-op Employees
and Chippewa
Indian Chief
"Brown Eagle"
and son
"Sky Eagle".
Indiana State Fair
1955.



Roy, Bob Taylor, Sam, Foster Park, Fort Wayne.



PERSONAL APPEARANCES

Sam and Jack rehearsing dialog before curtain time.

Jack and Aloysius going over a new skit.

Nancy Lee at the "Old Time Threshers Reunion — Jim Whitbey's farm near Fort Wayne, August, 1955.

Jack Carmen playing his famous "AXOLIN".

"Swing your partner".

WOLF & DESSAUER

NEW YORK OFFICE
1412 BROADWAY

FORT WAYNE 2, INDIANA

September 16, 1955

Mr. Sam DeVincent
WOWO Broadcasting Station
124 W. Washington Street
Fort Wayne, Indiana

Dear Sam:

According to the figures which the Park Board has sent me the interest in our square dances this season has reached an all-time high.

I am very proud of the fact that Nancy Lee and the Hilltoppers have been partners with us since the very first session six years ago...and to you and your orchestra goes the credit for much of its success.

We at W&D are looking forward to many years of continued association.

Cordially yours,

Chester M. Leopold
Sales Promotion Director

CML/sb

Square Dancin' at McMillen Park, Fort Wayne.

Roy Hansen singin' a "Corn Song" Coomler's Barn near Payne, Ohio, 1947.

"Allemande Left and Promenade".

On Stage
Indiana Farm Bureau
Co-op Tent
Indiana State Fair, 1955
where we entertained
over 20,000 people.

Opening night at Buck Lake Ranch, Angola, Indiana.

A FEW OF OUR

"HOME GROWN" TUNES

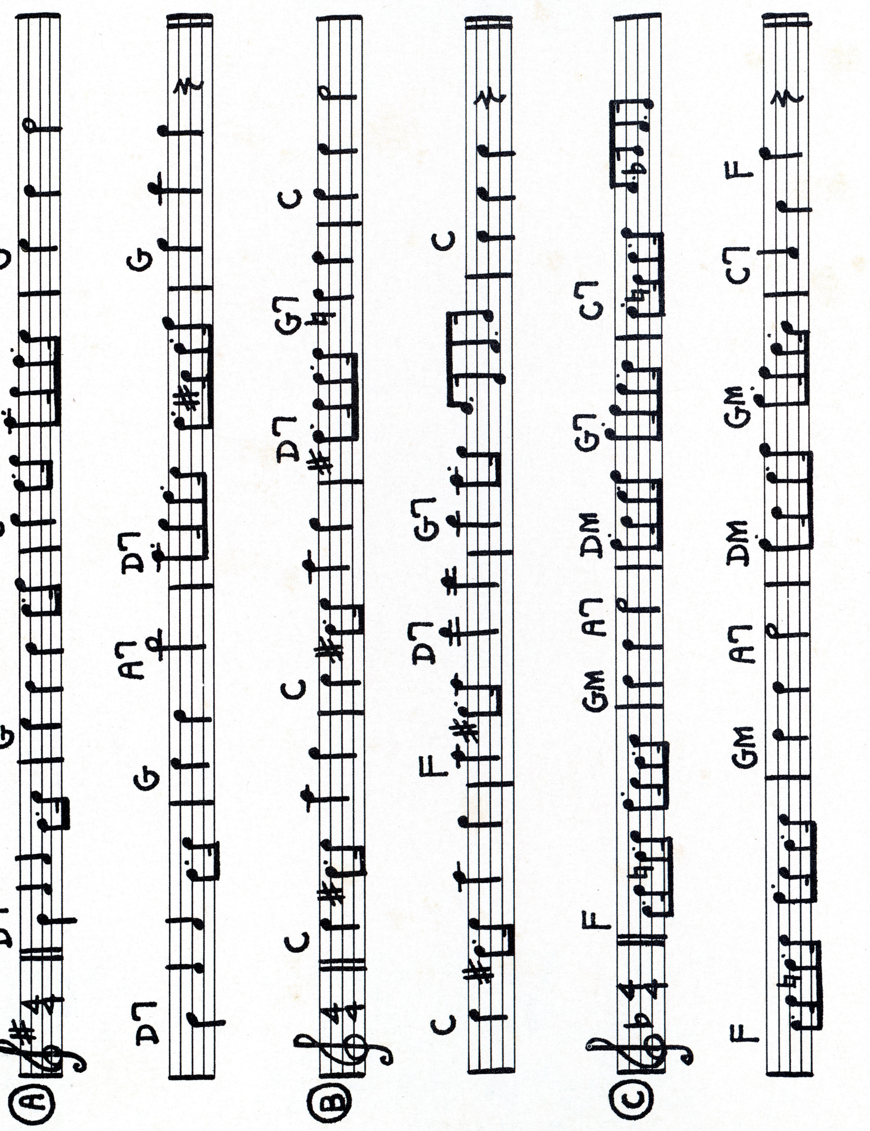
- *Since I told the boss off he's a different person and I'm with a different company.*

- *You've reached middle age when your wife tells you to pull in your stomach and you already have.*

- *Give me a sense of humor, Lord*
  Give me the grace to see a joke
  To get some happiness from life
  And pass it on to other folk.

LARRY'S SCHOTTISCHE

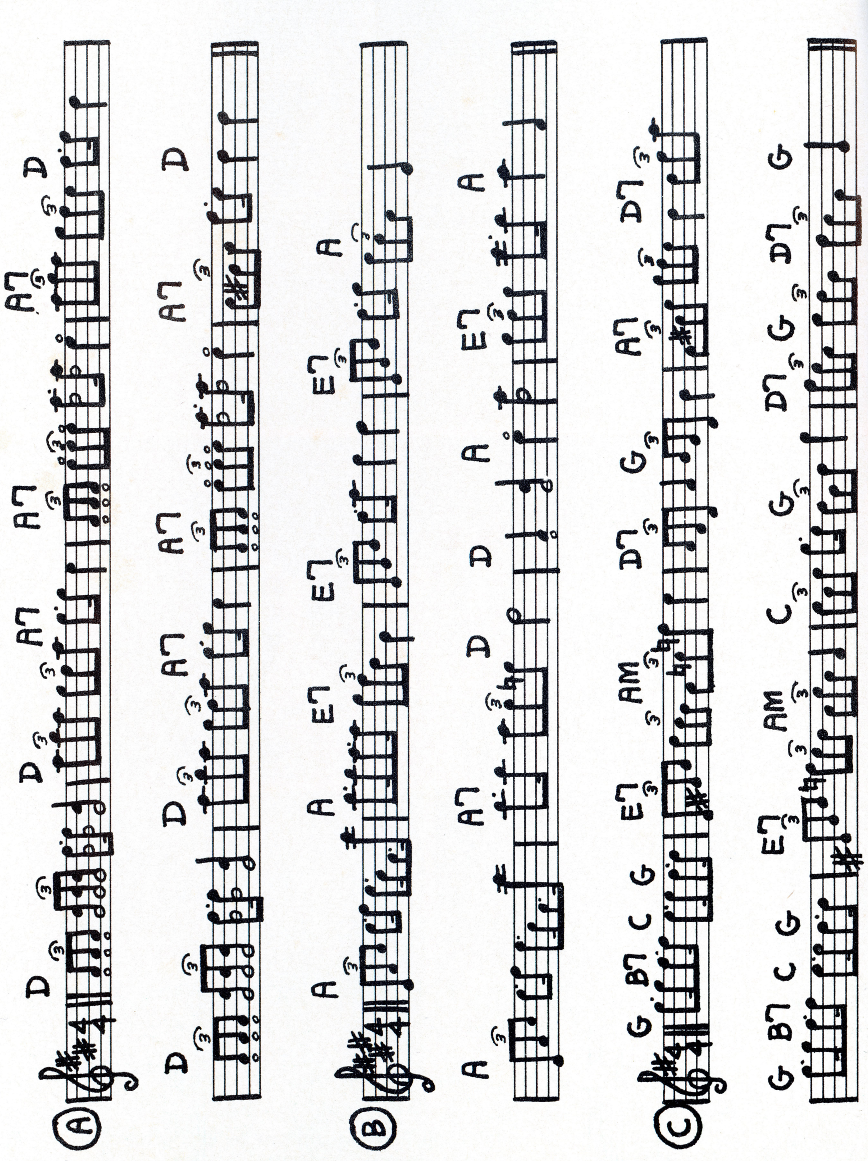
by
Sam DeVincent
August 12, 1954

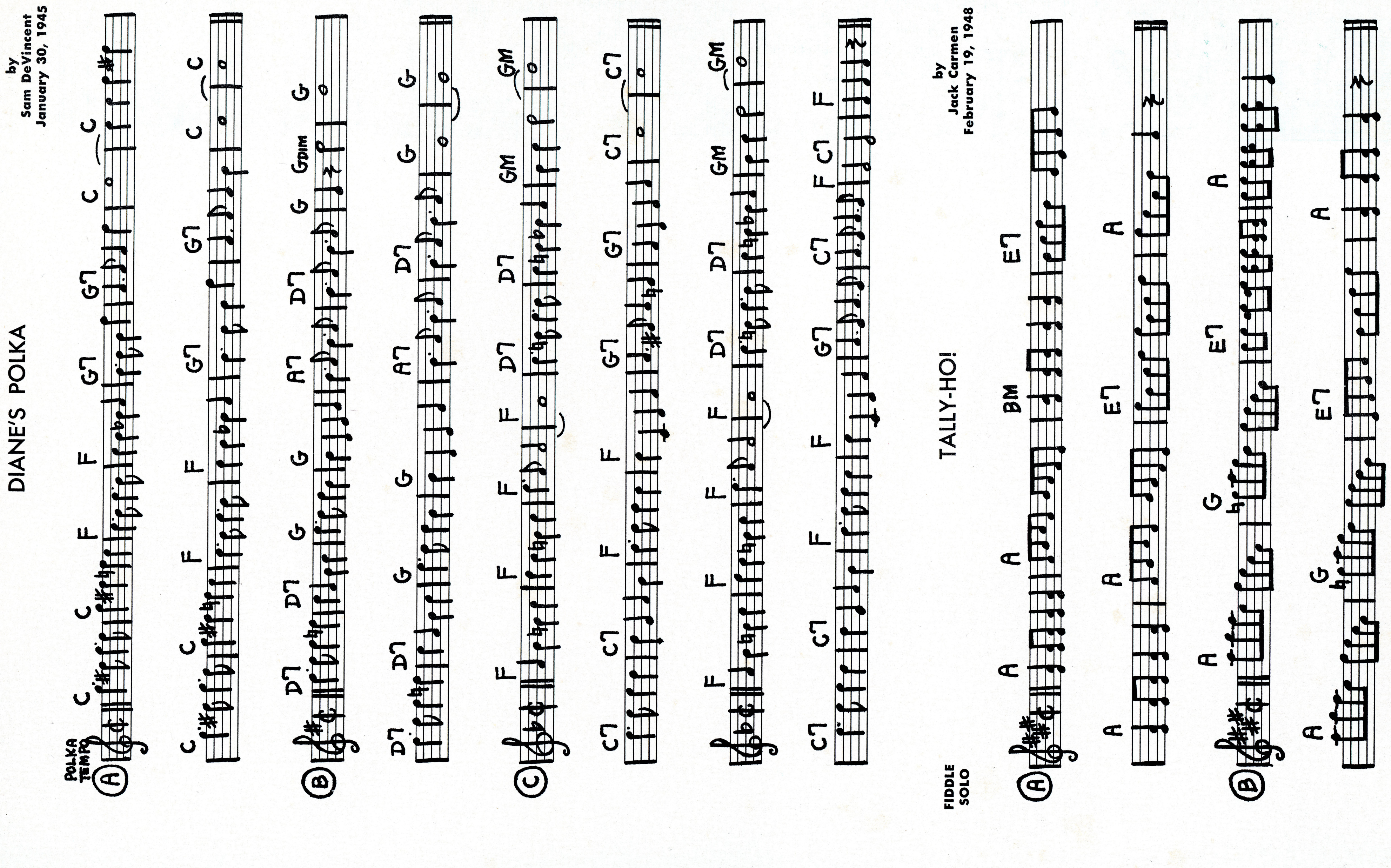


THE WHISTLERS' SCHOTTISCHE

by
Jack Carmen
April 18, 1946

VIOLIN SOLO

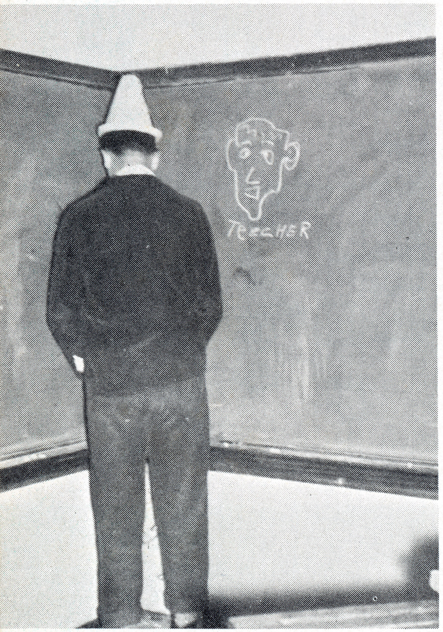




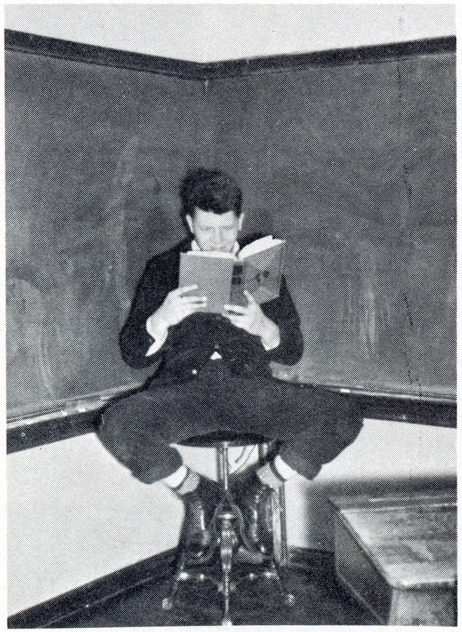
- *If you don't feel as close to God as you used to, make no mistake as to which one of you has moved.*
- *Many a self-made man worships his Creator.*
- *A lot of fellows who shout so profusely about capital and labor never had any capital and never did any labor.*
- *Good manners are like talent—the more you practice the better the audience reaction.*
- *There are still no picket lines marching up and down in front of churches demanding an increase in the wages of sin.*
- *Blessed are those who can give without remembering and take without forgetting.*
- *What one sees in others is often determined by what one is looking for.*
- *To the pessimist "O" symbolizes zero . . . to the optimist it is the beginning of opportunity.*
- *If you've missed the boat there is little use in waiting for your ship to come in.*
- *In order to compose, all you need do is remember a tune that nobody else thought of.*

Axel and Aloysius

School's out,
School's out,
Teacher let the
monkey out!



Little Aloysius
in his usual place.



Aloysius reading
Uncle Roy's Joke Book.

Uncle "Axel Axelsen" from Lutefisk, Minnesota.

FROM UNCLE ROY'S JOKE BOOK

NANCY: School's out and just think, Aloysius, you won't have to carry those books back and forth for a long time.

ALOYSIUS: Yeah, and I saved my papa some money too, Nancy. I'm staying in the same grade again so he won't have to buy me any new books.

* * *

TEACHER: Now, one and one is two. Two and two are four. Four and four are eight. Now then, Aloysius, eight and eight and eight are what?

ALOY: That ain't fair. You answer all the easy ones and ask me the hard ones.

* * *

NANCY: Drawing pictures again, I see. (Picture of teacher on blackboard).

ALOY: Here's another one I drawed of a horse and wagon.

NANCY: I see the horse, but where's the wagon?

ALOY: The horse will draw the wagon.

* * *

NANCY: Aloysius, don't you think this would be a good opportunity to thank all the listeners for the nice cards and letters they send you? You do get some, don't you?

ALOY: Yeah, I got a real nice one last Thursday one week I think it was Monday. The lady said before she tuned in our program she could never get her husband out of bed in the morning. Now since they listen to me he can't get out of the house fast enough.

* * *

NANCY: Well, Aloysius, how do you like school?

ALOY: Closed.

NANCY: Now that's no way to talk. You've got to go to school you know. Don't you want to grow up and be smart?

ALOY: No. I wanna be like you.

* * *

ALOY: Well, anyway, my teacher said I was original in school. She said, even the spelling was my own.

NANCY: You can say that again. I was peeking at that letter you had written to your girl friend and the spelling was terrible. For instance, how do you spell 'necking?

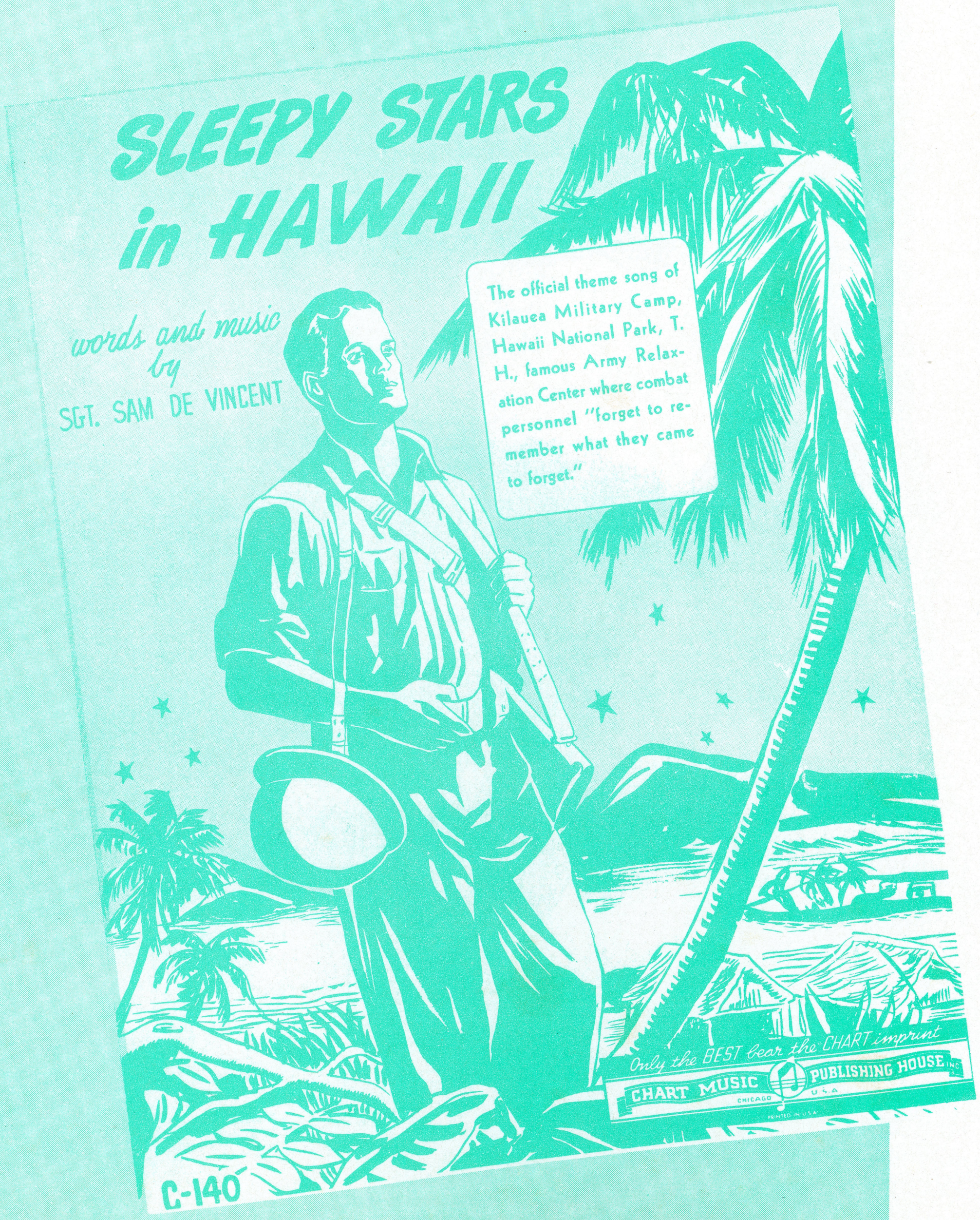
ALOY: N-e-k-k-i-n-g.

NANCY: See what I mean. Now Aloysius, you know that's wrong.

ALOY: I know but it's lotsa fun.

Aloysius, Roy, and Axel Axelsen.

WORDS AND MUSIC
by
Sgt. SAM DeVINCENT



SLEEPY STARS IN HAWAII

The official theme song of Kilauea Military Camp, Hawaii National Park, T. H., famous Army Relaxation Center where combat personnel "forget to remember what they came to forget".

VERSE

The sleepy stars are gleaming,
Down on the peaceful shore,
While the summer moon is beaming,
On the maid that I adore,

CHORUS

Sleepy Stars in Hawaii, I see your heavenly light,
I know it's shining tonite, on the one I love.
Sleepy stars in Hawaii, as she lays sleeping,
Like her you're weeping, from the blue above.
I sail tonite from the island, she'll wait for me, I pray.
Until I return to the island, guide her while I'm away.
Sleepy Stars in Hawaii, Aloha Oe to you,
The dawn is breaking through, on the sandy shore.

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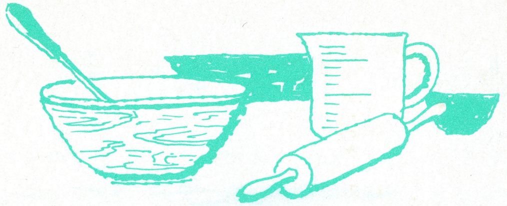
FEATURED MANY TIMES COAST TO COAST BY HALELOKE ON ARTHUR GODFREY'S PROGRAM.



Nancy Lee's Favorite Recipes

SPAGHETTI AND MEAT BALLS

SAUCE

1 package (1 lb.) spaghetti
1 large can Italian style tomatoes
1 can tomato paste
1 medium sized onion
1 clove garlic
½ teaspoon ground allspice
Salt to taste
½ cup grated Italian cheese (whole carrot, celery (cut off leaves) may be added for extra flavor.

Strain tomatoes through collander into cooking kettle.
While tomatoes are stewing slowly, prepare meatballs.
Brown meatballs in frying pan greased with olive oil.
After browning, put meatballs into stewing tomatoes.
Brown onion and garlic in frying pan then add tomato paste and 4 cans of water (measured in tomato paste can) and cook a few minutes in frying pan.
Empty into stewing tomatoes and mix well.
Cook for 1 hour stirring occasionally. Add ½ cup cheese in last 15 minutes of cooking.
(Cook the spaghetti according to directions on package)

MEAT BALLS

½ pound beef and ½ pound pork ground together
3 eggs
½ cup grated Italian cheese
4 sprigs chopped parsley
½ onion chopped
1 clove garlic chopped
Enough bread crumbs to hold meat together

Mix ingredients and form into meat balls (Serves about 5)

PECAN PIE

Beat 2 eggs well . . . add
¼ cup melted butter
¼ cup sugar
1 cup corn syrup (red label)
¾ cup chopped pecans
½ Teaspoon vanilla
Few grains salt

Put in uncooked crust ¾ full. Bake 1 hour at 350°. Decorate with whipped cream if desired. Makes 8 inch pie.

BANANA BREAD

¼ cup shortning creamed with 1 cup sugar
½ teaspoon salt

Add: 1 beaten egg
3 large bananas mashed
2 cups flour
1 teaspoon soda (sift last two ingredients together)

Bake 1 hour at 375°. Makes 1 loaf.

RECIPE for PRESERVING a HUSBAND

In the beginning watch for signs of mellowness and do not freeze or chill with cross words or there is danger of lost affection.

Never roast, beat or get him into a stew for these things may toughen the quality and you will enjoy tenderness better. Therefore do not apply heated arguments or pressure "to cook his goose" as it may cause him to "boil over" or "to blow his top".

Handle lightly, pat and squeeze gently, always being cautious to often accompany your preserving tactics with the sweetening of honeyed words frosted with praise.

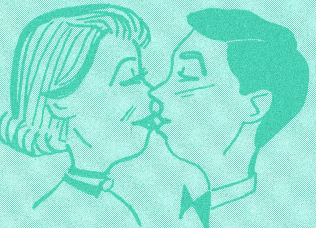
Little walks in the moonlight or trips to the park or lake are often beneficial if there should be any signs of fermentation.

I am hoping these suggestions will be understood and taken "with a grain of salt".

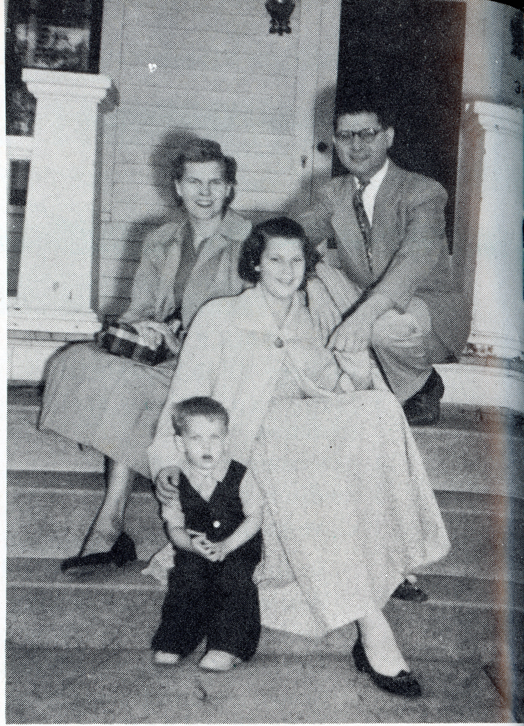
(Each individual husband requires a different process for preserving, but these are a few simple rules you may follow with assurance of good results.)

By Mrs. Errett Skidmore
Nashville, Michigan
(Jay Gould's sister)

MOMS and DADS the KIDS... *and* KISSIN' COUSINS



Diane and Larry.



The DeVincents ready for church.

Nancy Lee (baldy) 2 years old with Sister Marie, Blue Island, Illinois.

Larry DeVincent
Born July 9,
1953.

Sam, age 6 months.

Sam's mom and dad
Mr. and Mrs. Peter DeVincent
Chicago, Illinois.

Maestro Jack Carmen, age 8.

Jack's Boy "Carmie".

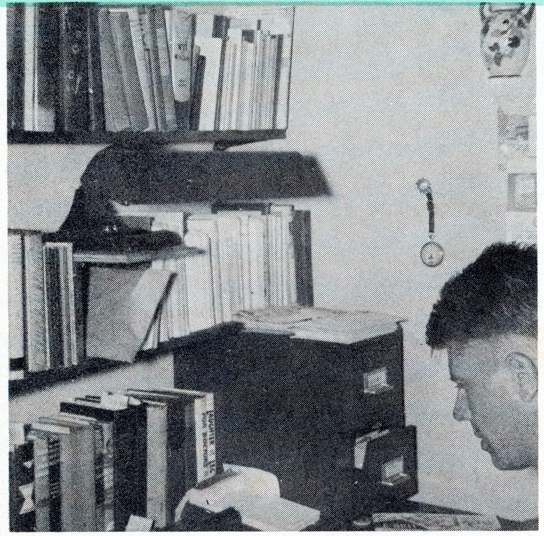
Get to work, you bum".

Billie Carmen with Rex Allen.

Jack's little girl, Becky Jo Carmen.

Jack and Billie.

KISSIN' COUSINS



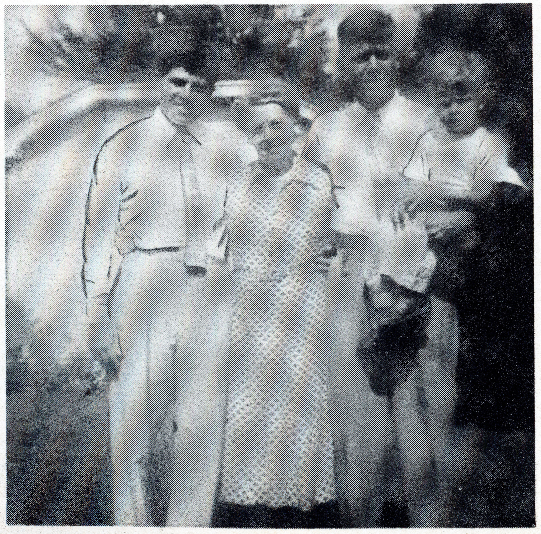
Roy with his gag file.

Roy and Marceille.

Roy, 6 years old.

Mother-in-law Mrs. Anna Hattendorf,
Roy, Wife Marceille.

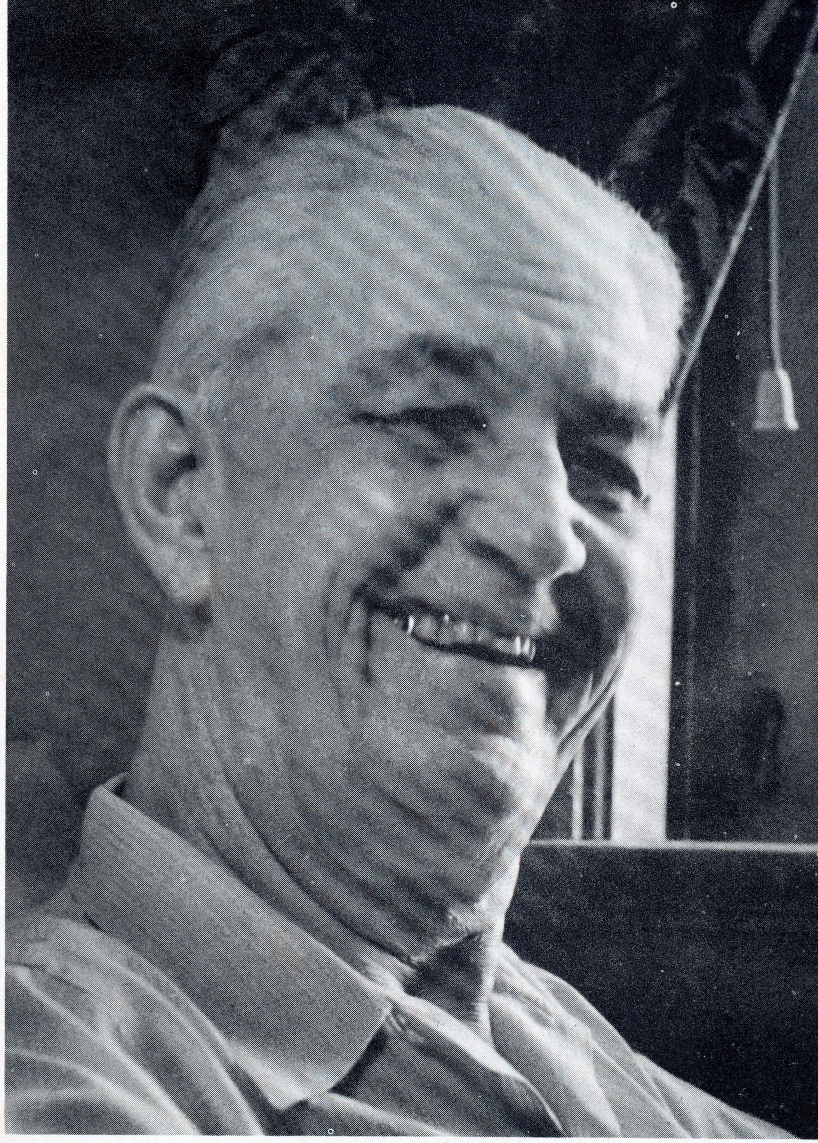
Brother Bob, Mama Hansen, Roy,
Nephew Scott.



Roy's Daughters, Eunice and Ruth.

HAPPY HERBY HAYWORTH
at his "Friendly House".

Tune in 7 p.m. Saturday Nights over WOWO.
Your favorite music and Herb's friendly chatter.



Herby Hayworth with Banjo and the "Old Syncopating 5", 1921

This is the way we worked those days
Vo-do-de-o and Va-da-de-a
Zippy-zippy bow-bow—Oh boy wat a band
But did we make the Dough-Ray-Me?

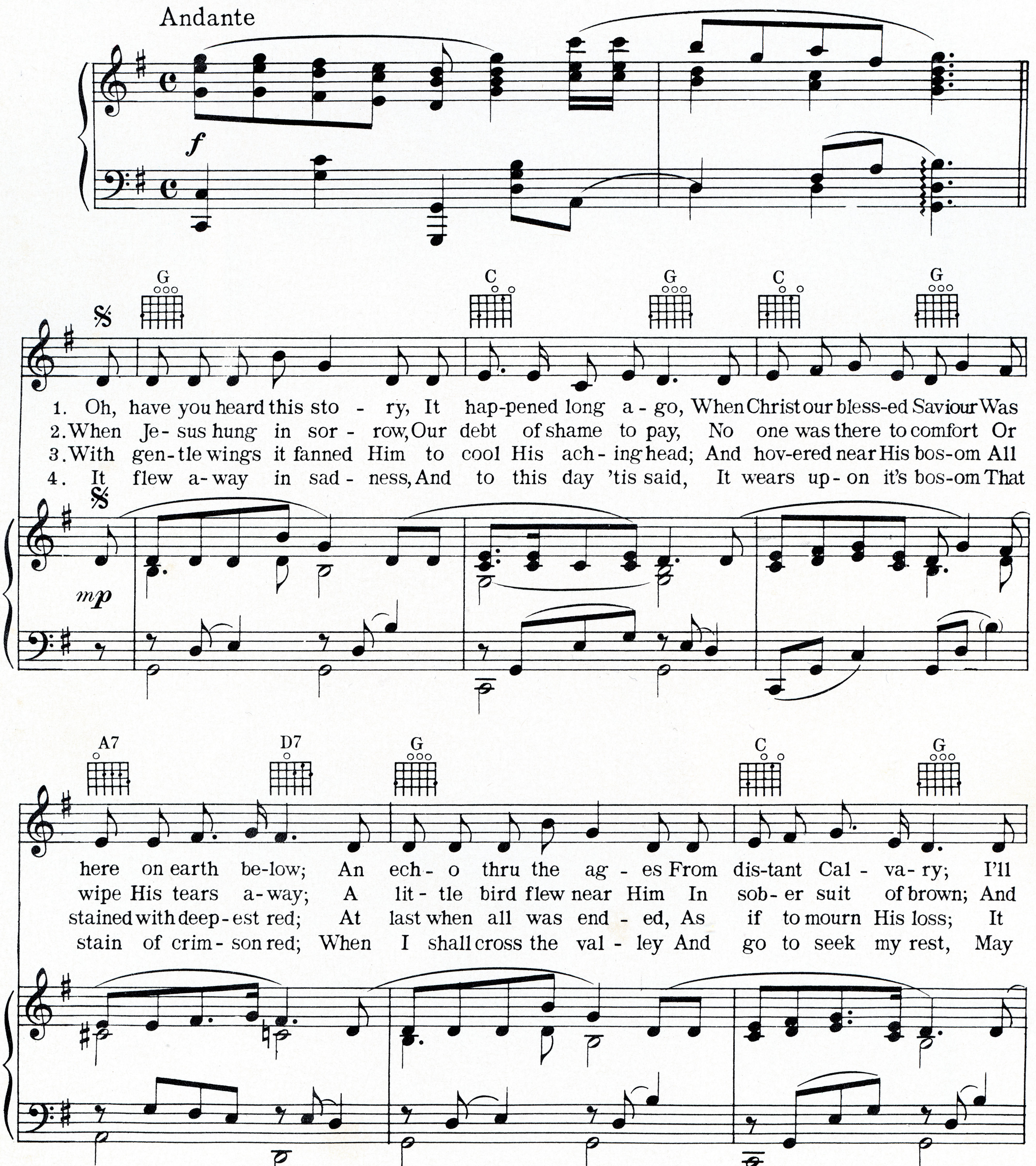
- *An egotist is a man who thinks that if he hadn't been born people would have wanted to know why.*
- *Conceit is the only disease known to man that makes everyone sick except the one who has it.*
- *It is said that a New Year's resolution is something that goes in one year and out the other.*
- *Today is that tomorrow that you worried about yesterday. It's not so bad, is it?*
- *The trouble with being a leader today is that you can't tell whether people are following you or chasing you.*

Here's one of the Precious Sacred Songs
You Request so often.

The Legend of the Robin's Red Breast

This selection is available for public performance by licensees of Broadcast Music, Inc.

Words and Music by
BRADLEY KINCAID and
BLANCHE PRESTON JONES



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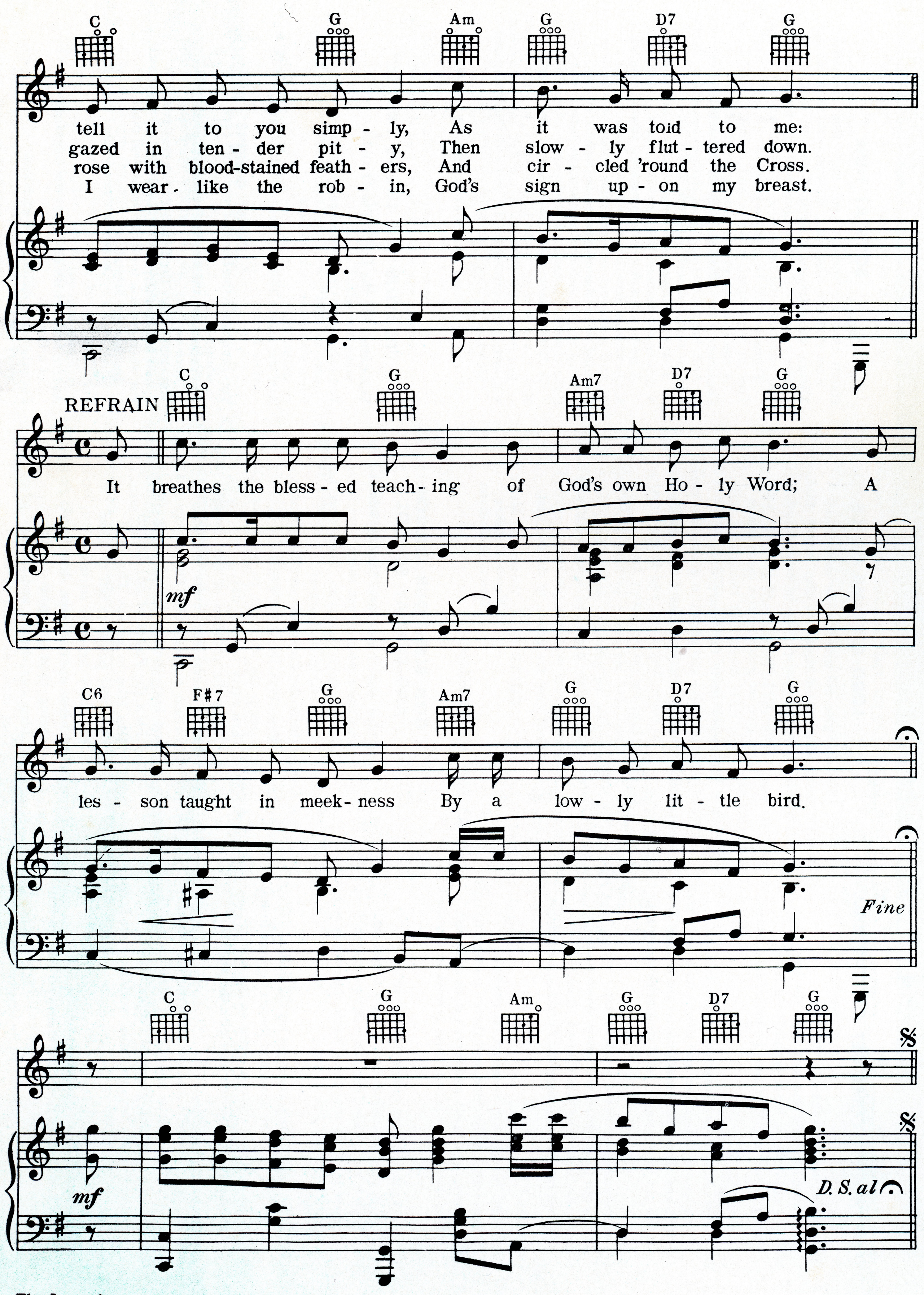
C G Am G D7 G
tell it to you simp - ly, As it was told to me:
gazed in ten - der pit - y, Then slow - ly flut - tered down.
rose with blood-stained feath - ers, And cir - cled 'round the Cross.
I wear like the rob - in, God's sign up - on my breast.
REFRAIN
C G Am7 D7 G
It breathes the bless - ed teach - ing of God's own Ho - ly Word; A
mf
C6 F#7 G Am7 G D7 G
les - son taught in meek - ness By a low - ly lit - tle bird.
Fine
C G Am G D7 G
mf
D. S. al

A FEW OF OUR FAVORITE POEMS and SONGS

OH HENRY! COME GET ON THE BALL

1. Henry came out from the city one day,
He wanted to milk and help mow the hay,
What he didn't know 'bout farmin' he'd learn,
Just give him the tools and the butter he'd churn.

CHORUS
Oh Henry! Now Henry, come get on the ball.
There's work to be done, and there's no time to stall.
The kids and the women make butter these days,
Come out in the stable, we'll find work that pays.

2. Up in the morning, before break of day,
Then out to the barn and throw down some hay.
Harness the horses and don't miss a thing,
There's plenty to do 'fore the breakfast bell rings!

CHORUS
Oh Henry! Now Henry, come get on the ball.
There's work to be done, and there's no time to stall.
There's corn to be hoed, and there's stock to be fed.
When the weather is bad, there is work in the shed.

3. The chickens won't lay unless they are fed,
They're up and around 'fore you get out of bed.
The roosters are crowin', the hens start to scratch,
Keep your eye on that cluck 'cause she's ready to hatch.

CHORUS
Oh Henry! Now Henry, come get on the ball.
There's work to be done, and there's no time to stall.
You're not in the city, you're down on the farm.
Out here it's the roosters that give the alarm.

4. Now Henry he thought that the farm was the place,
To be rid of the noise and the city's fast pace.
Good country food and plenty of sleep,
But down on the farm you must work for your keep.

CHORUS
Oh Henry! Now Henry, come get on the ball.
There's work to be done and there's no time to stall.
But Henry's determined a farmer he'll be,
If it takes him from now, 'til he's past ninety-three.

Copyright . . . Words and Music by Roy Hansen

LORD GIVE ME GRACE

Lord give me grace to be more kind,
To all of those on the way I find.
To thoughtless ways to be more blind,
Lord give me grace, to be more kind.
Lord give me grace to give more praise
For little deeds and thoughtful ways;
A cheery smile for weary days,
Lord give me grace, to give more praise.
Lord give me grace to have more faith,
To know Thy Love, and Power great . . .
Will lead me on, to better fate,
Lord give me grace, to have more faith.
Lord give me grace, to do my best,
Humble or great, to work with zest.
To always try to stand the test,
Lord give me grace, to do my best.

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Verna E. Acker
Daleville, Indiana

GOD BLESS OUR CHURCH AND SUNDAY SCHOOL

God bless our church and Sunday School
And those who gather there,
Who bring their hearts to Thee, dear Lord
In fellowship, and prayer.
God bless the Elders of our Church
Help them in every way
Give them the strength to work for Thee
Thru every passing day.
God bless the children of our church
Shield them from every wrong,
Help them to follow in Thy steps,
And keep them well and strong.
God bless the Pastor of our church
Help Him to preach Thy word
Give him the power to tell of Thee
Til every heart is stirred.
With heart uplifted now, dear Lord,
I bring these thoughts to Thee,
God bless our church and Sunday school
They mean so much to me.

By Arthur Mapes
Kendallville, Ind.

BOYS AT NINE

Hands that are smudgy and bare feet to match
Ears that are dirty and an itch *you* must scratch;
Allergic to water, to a wash cloth and soap,
Has a pocket that's bulging with pebbles and rope;
And you have the beginning of what, when it's done,
Turns out to be a nine-year-son.
Toss in a mongrel, a knife and a ball,
A rusty container that's no good at all,
Container that's loaded with nails and some spikes,
And bright bits of glass, that shine under lights.
Add to that trousers with seat badly torn,
That's a nine-year-old boy, just as sure as you're born.
A dislike for teacher, a hatred for books,
A passion for Autry, a vengeance toward crooks,
A question a second, a plea for a dime,
And perpetual motion nine-tenths of the time.
Coupled with chums just as boisterous as he,
And you've got what my son has turned out to be.
Collections of worms, of stones and of clubs,
A Notre Dame rooter, and fan of the Cubs.
Now that's how he looks to his Aunt, to his brother,
But *NOT* how he looks to his dad and his mother.
'Cause there's one thing WE'LL add to all that's been said—
He's also an angel, when asleep in his bed.

Copyright. By Guy Harris

"PRAYING THE LORD'S PRAYER"

You cannot say the Lord's Prayer and
make one selfish plea,
You cannot say the Lord's Prayer and even
once say "me".
For it's our, our, our, and it's
us, us, us,
And the fourth time it's our, and the fourth
time it's us.

* * *

You cannot say the Lord's Prayer and even
once say "I",
You cannot say the Lord's Prayer and even
once say "my".
You cannot pray the Lord's Prayer and pray
not for another,
For when you ask for daily bread, you must
include thy brother.

* * *

For it's us, us, us, and
it's our, our, our,
As free from selfish motive as the fragrance
of a flower.
For others are included in each and
every plea,
For from beginning to the end it does not
once say "me".

. . . Author Unkown

CHIGGERS

We know that chiggers make a welt,
By settling down and sticking to it.
That's why their influence is felt,
And that's the only way to do it.
They work in order to grow big;
Stay on the job and thus grow bigger.
They get somewhere because they dig,
Then why not imitate a chigger.

Rev. Luther E. Markin

BLESSED LORD JESUS, COME UNTO ME

1. Blessed Lord Jesus, come unto me,
Bringing Salvation, so full and so free.
Born in a manger, turned from the inn,
Growing to manhood to teach those in sin.
Blessed Redeemer, Jesus our Lord.
Loving His Brethren, a Holy reward,
Heals the afflicted, purges of sin,
Brightens the outside and cleanseth within.
Brightens the outside and cleanseth within.

2. Blessed Lord Jesus, waiting for me,
At that reception far over the sea.
Singing His praises, heard from on high,
Should someone listen, do not pass them by.
Wonderful Master, Saviour and Friend,
Send us Your blessings, Thy Name we defend.
Died upon Cal-v'ry, nailed to a cross,
All who believe in Him shall not be lost.
All who believe in Him shall not be lost.

By A. R. Koomer and
Sam DeVincent

(Can be sung to the Stephen Foster melody "Beautiful Dreamer, Come Unto Me".)

SPRING FEVER

A feelin' rare is in the air
The clouds look dim and hazy,
My ole coon houn' jest lays aroun'
And stretches slow and lazy.
The angleworm tries hard to squirm
The little bees are hummin',
A balmy breeze floats thru the trees
I guess that Spring's a-comin'.
The little pigs are dancin' jigs,
The colts are nippin' clover
The birds have come, are singin' some
Right glad that Winter's over.
With many jokes, the wimmen folks
Have shed their mink and beaver,
I know by Jing! that this is Spring
And I have got Spring Fever.

. . . HERBY HAYWORTH

FIFTY YEARS AGO, MOM

(Dedicated to my wife on our Golden Wedding – May, 1953)

'Twas fifty years ago, Mom, we both were young and gay,
As we started life together, on our happy wedding day.
I promised you, you promised me, and in our wedlock vow,
We promised God, who kept us true, and with blessings did endow.
'Twas fifty years ago, Mom, but time has gone so fast.
It only seems like yesterday, when thinking through the past.
It brings a flood of memories as the years pass in review,
When I see the stage of life, and the role we played, us two.
'Twas fifty years ago, Mom, we started, you and me,
To travel down the path of life in all sincerety.
Regardless of the cloudy days that gloom the sunshine weather,
With a heart of love, we hand in hand have walked along together.
'Twas fifty years ago, Mom, and always have we tried,
To never wander out of sight of the One who's still our guide.
Some day the path of life will end, our course will then be run—
Through faithfulness, to the will of God, may we hear him say, "Well Done".

By Ottis Shirk
Muncie, Indiana

DINNER ON THE FARM

VERSE

I like ham and eggs for breakfast,
Can't wait till supper-time.
But the best-est time of all,
Is when I hear my Mammy call:

CHORUS

Dinner on the Farm, stop your workin' cause it's
Dinner on the Farm, coffee's perkin' leave your
Rake and hoe and plow, dinner bell's a-ringing' now,
Mother's callin' (Come and get it!)
Dinner on the Farm, better hurry 'cause it's
Dinner on the Farm, don't you worry there'll be
More than you can eat, everything so fresh and sweet,
Come to Dinner on the Farm.
Everyone's just starved to death, plates will come back for more,
You just have to hold your breath, to pass the kitchen door,
Basin at the pump, squddle up and comb your hair get on the jump,
Come and get it! Here is feasting for a king,
So together we will sing, it's Dinner on the Farm.

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WOWO Farm Service Director

Odds n' Ends

THIS OLE BARN

This ole barn once knew my horses,
This ole barn once knew my cows.
In this barn I've mended harness,
In this barn I've fixed my plows.
This Ole Barn once rang with music,
This ole barn once knew romance,
This ole barn has heard the fiddles
When my neighbors came to dance.

This ole barn has known my lantern
On a frosty winter's morn.
This ole barn has heard me singin'
When I fed the hogs the corn.
This ole barn may need some fixin',
But its timbers still are strong.
This ole barn will still be standin'
Long after I am gone.

CHORUS
I ain't gonna need this barn no longer,
I'm too old and feeble now.
I can't plow or mend the fences,
Too durned weak to milk a cow.
Yes, my farmin' days are over,
Like my overalls—I've worn.
Seems I hear the angels comin'
Through the fields of yellow corn.

(Can be sung to the tune of
"THIS OLE HOUSE")

By Arthur Mapes
Kendallville, Ind.

Look Maw, it's your boy, Roy!

If the folks back home could only see us now!

SUNSHINE MOTHER

VERSE
Why can't we always remember, days when we were just kids;
Fond recollections of child-hood, and of the things we did,
How we would run home to mother, when things did not go right,
Just like a ray from the sun up above, She'd soon make our dark clouds turn bright . . .

CHORUS
Mothers are just like the sun-shine,
That brightens our hearts when we're blue;
Just like when after a shower,
Sun-beams come creeping through.
There never could be another,
With heart so true and kind,
Could take the place of mother,
That Sunshine Mother of Mine.

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30 Cooper Square, New York 3, N. Y.

Mr. Leon Stanley celebrating his 101st birthday with Sam.

Jack pickin' the fryin' pan.

If any little word of ours can make one life the brighter,
If any little song of ours can make one heart the lighter,
God help us speak that word and take our bit of singing,
And drop it in some lonely heart and set the echoes ringing.

"SO LONG EVERYBODY"

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